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PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

CHRISTY'S

PANORAMA

SONGSTER;

Containing the Songs as sung by

The Christy, Campbell, Pierce's Minstrels, and Sable Brothers.

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Letters
1347

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM H. MURPHY, 384 PEARL STREET.

THE CACHUCA,

BY G^r N. CHRISTY.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

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YOUNG CLEM BROWN.

As sung by Christy's Celebrated Band of Minstrels.

Oh! when I were a little nig, I workey in the fields,
And used to hoe the cotton with the pretty Lucy Neal;
But massa sell Miss Lucy, and he buy Clem Brown,
Kase he know that Clem work harder on the old cotton ground.
Oh young Clem Brown,
Oh young Clem Brown.

We used to work with him till the sun went down.
'Twas dar he saw the nigga gal, and feel the bosom flame,
He nebber sleep another night, till he hab know her name;
Oh! Clem he was de handsome youf, so strong in every limb,
And he call'd me lubly funny, kase I laff and talk wid him.
Oh young Clem Brown, &c.

One day he say he marry me, but massa cross wid he,
And watch us like de crow do de possum in de tree;
But berry late one ebenin' our massa sick and die,
I guess he die wid ague fits, that Clem could marry I. Oh young Clem Brown, &c.

We leabe de ole Carlina state, and trabble to de Norf.
But Clem he leabe de bed and board, and den he trabble off;
He leabe no darlin Clems behind to strike de heal and toe,
But leabe the young and blooming wife, to weep the bitter wo.
Oh young Clem Brown, &c.

THE COLORED FANCY BALL.

As Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

Oh what enchanting pleasure on the light bombastic toe,
To dance the Polka measure, and thro' the waltz to go,
'Specially wid de Wenus, who does your heart enthral,
What soft things passed between us, at the colored fancy ball.

Come you gemmen now be quiet,
The ball is about to begin,
If you kick up a noise or a riot,
It will cause you a kick on the shin;
Take your places, and mind that your heels,
Do not cause the fair ladies a fall,
Or the vengeance of all you will feel,

At this colored fancy ball;
Now the music softly sounds,
Now dark eyes are glancing,
Chassez across, and promenade,
Oh the joys of dancing!
Now is the time to whisper soft things,
Sighs as if you'd expire,
And swear by that little brack boy dat has wings,
And say dat your heart am on fire.
Oh what enchanting, &c.

Observe that lubly Jenne with a luxriant head of wool,
I know more about her than you know,
Yes more dan by a jug full,
Look at her toe and heel it, as she balances to de crowd,
And that coloured gent seems to feel it,
For no gobbler was ever more proud,
See he offers a glass of ice cream,
With a new silver spoon stuck in it,
But no, I surely must dream,
For by golly its gone in a minnit,
For she knows that ice cream is no sham,
Cause she make it herself every day,
And that colored beau totes it round,
For I seed him last night in Broadway.

See dat nigga dare in the blue satin vest,
With his heels sticken out a feet sir,
Cutting such capers, and doing such things,
That charms every gal that he meets sir.

Such a nigga as dat has no right at de ball,
Let us tell him to be off;
He was sent to Sing Sing, and came out last fall,
For picking up things on de wharf.

For now he takes his pleasure on, on the
light bombastic toe,
To dance the polka measure, and thro' the
waltz to go,
Especially wid de Wenus, who does your
heart enthral.
What soft things passed between us, at the
coloured fancy ball.

WALK IN JOE.

As sung by Christy's celebrated Band of Minstrels.

Sheep's meat is too good for colored people,
Sheep's meat is too good for niggers;
When I went into the house, no one there except the mouse,
Sitten by de fire place, dare was a rat eatin grease. *Banjo Symphony.*—Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe.
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and no money for to spend.

Black my boots in de kitchen,
Seventy-five cents to the quarter,
Black em wid ole Day & Martin, make em shine and dat for sartin,
Massa sue me for de treason, 'kase he couldn't dats de reason.
Banjo Symphony.—Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe.
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and aint got a red cent.

De ole gray cat loved de honey,
De ole gray cat loved de honey,
He loved de honey mighty well, he eat so much he 'gan to swell,
And in de honey pot he fell, he couldn't get out it's strange to tell.
Banjo symphony.—Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and aint got a Picayune.

RAIL ROAD TRABBELER.

As sung by Christy's celebrated Band of Minstrels.

Oh de steamboat,
Oh de steamboat,
Oh de steamboat makes a mighty splutter.
And when the biler bursts it lands in de water,
Rail Road trabble's gettin all de go,
'Kase the hoss boat and steam boat goes so mighty slow
Oh de hoss boat,
Oh de hoss boat,
De hoss boat can trabble if the weddur wet or dry
And noffin can stop you if de old hoss die.
Rail road trabbel, &c.

Oh de mail coach,
Oh de mail coach,
Oh de mail coach is good to cure de gout,
It will rattle off your buttons, and turn you inside out. Rail road, &c.

Oh de telimagraph,
Oh de telimagraph,
De telimagraph's good for to transport the lightnen,
Or to git the news from Mexico, when the Yankees is a fitin. Rail road, &c.

Oh de bullgemirim,
Oh de bullgemirim,
De bullgine go so fast, dey trabbel out of sight,
An de only way you get to eat, is to stop and take a bite. Rail road, &c

VIRGINIA JUBA.

As sung by Christy's celebrated Band of Minstrels.

Ruberii the cinnamon, seed the Billy hop in just
in time,
Juba dis, Juba dat, round the kittle possum fat,
A-hoop a-hoy, a-hoop a-hoy, double step for
Juberii,
Sandy crab, de macreli, ham and half a pint of
Juba,

Want to borrow two or three eggs, a picayune
a dozen,
Stir about the hominy hot, the pig is in the
cellar;
Neighbor. neighbor, lend me your ax, lend you
mine to-morrow,
I keeps de axe to use myself, who'll turn the
grindstone.

Forty pound of candle grease, sittin on de man-
tle piece,
Don't you see ole Granny Grace, she look so
ugly in face:
Yankee Doodle come to town, claim Maria for
his own,
Git up dar, you little nigger, can't you pat for
Juba.

Up the wall down the 'tition, gib me a knife
sharp as sickle,
To cut that nigga's wizen pipe, that eat up all
the sassengers;

Apple jack with venison sauce, sitten by the
fire place,
One eye up to the dinner pot, and t'other up the
stove pipe.
Make the fire most too hot, fetch along the
waterin pot,
Bake the breab, gib me the crust, shock de corn
gib me de husk,
Bile de beef, gib me de bone, gib me a kick and
send me home ;
Peel de tater, gib me de skin, and dat's de way
she suck me in.

Shadruck and Abednigo, don't care whether I
hit him or no.
Eighteen pence and peck of corn, milk de cow
wid de crumple horn ;
Gib me a quart, gib me some, I'm gettin a
pitcher full,
Stay back, stay back, bucket full John.

WE LIVE ON DE BANKS OB DE OHIO.

We live on de banks ob de Ohio,
Tra la la, tra la la,
Whar de mighty waters do rapidly flow,
And de steamboat streak it along.
We live on de bank ob de Ohio,
Ohio, Ohio,
We lib on de banks ob de Ohio,
Ohio, Ohio.

Droop not darkies as we go,
Tra la la, tra la la.
Back to de banks ob de Ohio,
To raise de 'bacco and corn, &c.
We live on de banks ob de Ohio.

In a very short time we all must go,
Tra la la, tra la la.
To de sweet land ob de Ohio,
Whar de niggers and gals do dwell, &c.
We live on de banks ob de Ohio.

Old Massa to us darkies am good,
Tra la la, tra la la.
For he gibs us our clothes and he gibs us our food,
And we merrily work for him, &c.
And we live on de banks ob de Ohio.

OLE BULL AND OLE DAN TUCKER

Ole Bull and Tucker met one day,
Five hundred dollars for to play,
De women ran an de men too,
To hear dem fiddle up something new.
Loud de banjo talked away,
An beat Ole Bull from de Norway,
We'll take de shine from Paginini,
We're de boys from ole Virginny

Ole Bull he made his elbow quiver,
He played a shake and den a shiver ;
But when Dan Tucker touched his string,
He'd make him shake like a locust's wing.
Loud de banjo, &c

Now ole Bull he sweat an tug,
An his eye shine like de lightnin bug.
Den played till his eye stuck out quite hot,
Like a dumplin in an ole black pot.
Loud de banjo, &c.

Bull put some rosin on his bow,
An' put a little inside too,
Dan soaked his wrist wid possum taller,
An his music made de sky turn yaller.
Loud de banjo, &c.

Dey stop awhile to blow an rest,
De people thought that both was best,
But when Dan Tucker played dis tune,
You'd thought each eve dar was a full moon.
Loud de bajo, &c

De ole Bull drew up his fiddle,
An squeeze him from de toe to de middle,
He played " Nigara" rapids an all,
Till he sweat like dat same waterfall.
Loud de banjo, &c.

His music sounded, dat am a fact,
Like de quick march ob de pus-a-cat-a-ract,
Some hoisted umbrellas, by Joby,
An' some folkes shook wid de waterfoby.
Loud de banjo, &c.

But ole Niagara was no use ,
Dan Tucker up de banjo screws,
An plays a hurrycane so true,
Dat up to de air de tress all flew.
Loud de banjo, &c.

Ole Bull he vanished from de scene,
As quick as a nigga's fork an bean,
Far he ride to Norway home again,
On de air ob ole Dan's hurrycane.
Loud de banjo, &c.

JIM CROW'S RAMBLE.

Him went from Rome to Argos,
A short time ago,
Piccaninni laugh and say,
" Here's Jim Crow ! "
Turn about wheel about,
And jump jist so,
Ebery time him weel about,
Dey cry " Jim Crow ! "

Him went into de Park to walk,
Where pretty Lady to Winne,
Ask him for to marry her,
And give him half a guinea.

And den a man was passing by,
So berry proud and large, he
Look in my face and say " Jim Crow "
Belong unto de clargy !

Some call me a good fighting man,
But dat is no disgrace ;
All say dat him by fighting got;
So blackee in de face !

Coming through the street at night,
Him run agin a baker ;
Him show him card, asked to fight,
And call me undertaker.

Passing by de church yard late,
  Like Guy wid box and matches,
Dey seize my coat, and cry aloud,
  " Here is him body snatches !"

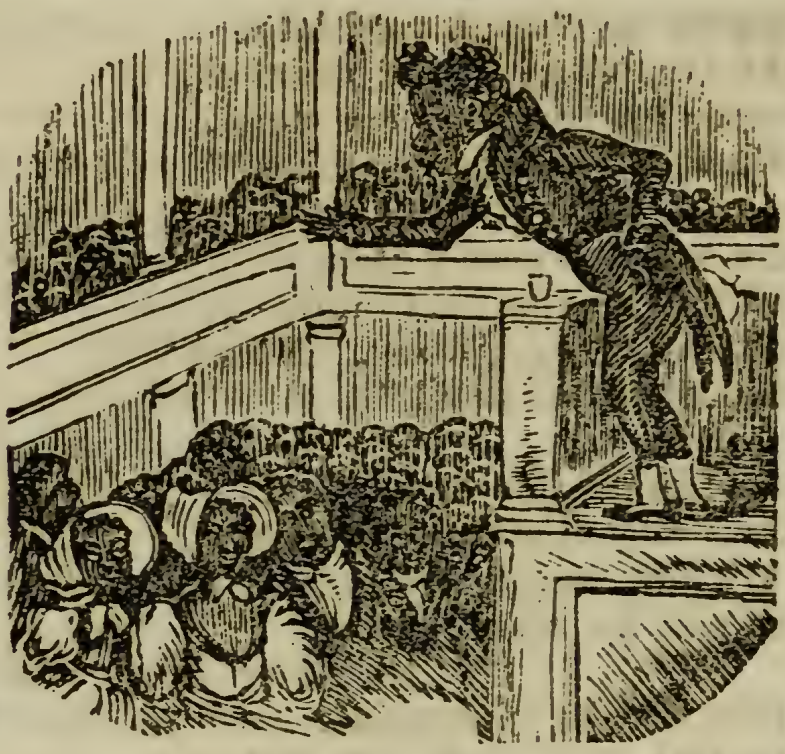
Anoder man advance a step,
  Him tought him very cibil,
Look in him face and say, "Ah ah !
  Dis massa is de debil."

When at half price to de play,
  Where dey mistake my fellow,
Dey say him smoder his poor wife,
  And call me black Otello.

But now him be emancipate,
  Him feel how high him station,
Him get into de parliament,
  And represent de nation.

Him go just now where many go,
  Where plenty of good lush is,
For if dey look into him face,
  Dey cannot see him blushes.

Now all will own dis truth not found,
  In comedy or farce is ;
A face of copper's better far,
  At any time, than brass is.



DE NEW YORK NIGGER.

When de Nigger's done at night washing up de
china,
Den he sally out to go and see Miss Dinah,
Wid his Sunday go-to-meetings segar in his
mouth a
He care for no white folk, neder should he ought
to,
His missy say to him, I tell you what, Jim,
Tink you gwan now to cut and come agin.

He walk to de Park, an' he hear such mity music,
A white man he did say enuff to make a dog sick,

He turn round to see who make de observation
An de sassy whites laugh like de very nation,
Jim was in de fashion, so he got into a passion.
'Cause de damn white trach was at hin a laffin.
Jim cut ahead an tink he never mind'em,
White folks got de manners—he tink de couldn't find 'em
He walk a little furder an tink he die a laffin,
To see his Dinah walkin'wid Massa Arfy Tappan,
Ole Bobolition Glory, he live an'die in story,
De black man's friend, wid de black man's houru.

He gawn to de Bowery to see Rice actin,
He tink he act de brack man much better dan de white 'un,
Only listen now, a nigga in a opera,
Rice wid a ball an'brush tink much properer,
He cut de pigeon wing, an' bring he do de handsome ting,
Wheel about and turn about, an' bring de money in.

De little house now, what is called de Olympic,
Wha massa Geo, Holland makes de people grin,
Ching a ring, Pompey Smash, an, ride upon a rail, sir,
De little house coin de cash, while de big one all fail.
But I don,t like de house; I wish it was bigger,
'Cause dey neber, hab room to let in de nigga.

I wind it up now, I tink you say 'tis time, sir,
You got no reason, but you got plenty ob rhyme, sir,
I'se gwan to go away, but first I leave behind me,
What ebery brack man wish, in dis happy land ob liberty ;
Here's success to Rice, to Dixon, and to Lester,
May dey neber want a friend, nor a hoe-cake to bake, sir.

SPOKEN.—Rice, Dixon, an' Lester, de proud supporters ob be brack drama. may dey neber, want de encouragement de greatness ob de subject demands

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CAR'LINA.

An Original Song, now first published.

Down in old Car'lina,
Oh, I lubs Car'lina !
For 'neath her shunny skies
My Molly dear was born :
And dar I fus beheld her
Dancing on de lawn,
As sprightly and as graceful
As a lubly little fawn,
Down in ole Car'lina.

Downe in ole Car'lina !
Oh, I lubs Car'lina !
For dar's de same green wood
W[illegible] and
At de closing ob de day

Togodder used to hie,
And talk wid one another
Till de stars smile in de sky,
Down in ole Car'lina.

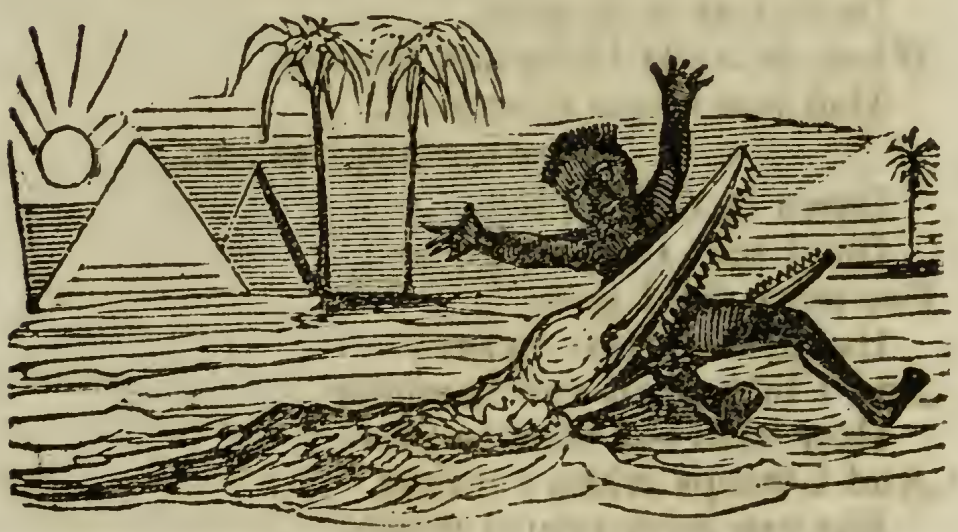
Down in ole Car'lina,
Oh, I lubs Car'lina!
For dar's de ole log cabin
Whar she sung so sweet to me—
And dar's de stringles banjo
Dat she played so charmingly—
And her voice was soft and tuneful
As de bluebird's in de tree.
Down in old Car'lina.

Down in ole Car'lina,
Oh, I lubs Car'lina!
For dar's de quiet spot
Whar I laid my Molly dear;
'Twas in de early spring-time,
De fairest of de year,
When de lubly birds and flowers
Had just began to appear.
Down in ole Car'lina.

Down in ole Car'lina,
Oh, I lubs Car'lina!
For eb'ry day I goes
Her grassy grave to see;
And I lubs to sit and 'member
How kind she used to be—
And I weeps when I thinks
She can ne'er return to me.
Down in ole Car'lina.

Down in ole Car'lina,
Oh, lubs Car'lina!
For dar ole massa libs;
God bless his old white head!
For he berry kind to Molly
When she sick upon de bed
And he weep and say he sorry
When I told him she was dead.
Down in ole Car'lina.

Down in ole Car'lina,
Oh, I lubs Car'lina!
And dar I'll ebber lib—
And dar I hopes to die—
And dar beside my Molly dear
In rest I longs to lie—
For dis poor ole heart was broken
When dey bore her from my eye—
Down in ole Car'lina.



DE OLE HARE.

As sung and written by old Jim Carter.

Ole hare what you doing dar,
Setting in de corner smoking pipe,
  Full dried cut tobaco.
Ole hare what you doing dar,
Setting in de corner eating faty bread,
  Wid cracklins in it.

I put my dog on de hare track,
Run little ways turn round back,
  He fool de nigger dat time.
Dolly eat ob wood chuck eat it in a minite,
Eat it so divlish quick, I had no time to skin it,
  I hadent time to take de hair off.

De ole hare run into de log,
Lay still says coon I think I hear de dog,
  He can't catch me I know.
I give my dog a leff bone,
I hit him on de back he run rite home,
  I could hunt no more that day.

SUSSA TEILL

My lub in old Vergina libed,
A handsome yellow gal;
Of all the beauties she possessed,
Forget 'em I neber shall.
Wid cole black eyes and shiney hair,
All round her neck did steal;
She was de pride of dis nigger's care,
My charming Sussa Teill.
Wid cole black eyes, and shiney hair,
Around her neck would steal;
Wich early learn't dis heart to lub,
My pretty Sussa Teill.

When ebery day to church I go,
Wid Sussa by my side;
And when I sing, I sing so sweet,
Miss Sussa opens her eyes.
Wid cole black eyes and shiney hair,
All round her neck did steal;
She was de pride of dis nigger's care
My charming Sussa Teill.
Wid cole black eyes and shiney hair,
Around her neck would steal;
Wich early learn't dis heart to lub.
My pretty Sussa Teill.

I axed Sussa wedder she lubed me,
She hugged and kissed, said she lub me so
But I soon found it was all a sham,

For she had another [beau] bo.
Wid cole black eyes and shiney hair,
Around her neck did steal;
She was de pride of dis nigger's care,
My charming Sussa Teill.
Wid cole black eyes and shiney hair,
Around her neck would steal;
Wich early learn't dis heart to lub,
My pretty Sussa Teill.

THE HENPECK'D NIGGA.

Afore I got married how jolly was I,
I had nuffin to do but to work,
But now I'm spliced I could set down an cry,
For she uses me worse den a Turk.
She makes me wash dishes an hang out de clothes,
An den I mus sweep out de room,
An if I but grumbles she flattens my nose,
Or else breaks my head wid de broom.
Oh, dear, what a terrible life.
Does a poor darky lead what's got a bad wife.

Toder day she went out, an she brought in some tripe,
An told me to fry it quite brown,
I was gwoin to say no, when she fotch'd me a wipe;

I stagger'd, den reel'd an fell down.
In my fall I upset somefin under de bed;
De noise made our little child cry,
Den de monster she pull'd all de wool off my head,
Kick'd my—an she den black'd my eye.
Oh, dear &c.

Sometimes widout wittles she sends me to bed,
An if I don't keep de child quiet,
De poker am sure to be thrown at my head,
An she kicks up de debil's own riot.
I would't mind dat, but she stays out at night,
I'm afraid though to say it to she,
But I'll jus ax you all, pray, do you tink it right,
For I'm sure our las child an't like me.
Oh, dear, &c.

Now, I hope you won't tell her wat I've told to you,
Or she'll scratch all de skin of my face,
For I know dat she'll wallop me well if you do,
So pity dis poor nigger's case.
An now I mus go, for if de child cries,
It would frighten me out of my breath;
For if dat she hears it, she'll tear out my eyes,
Or perhaps she may choke me to death.
Oh, dear pray pity de life
A poor nigger leads dat has a bad wife.

OH, SEA BASS.

Twas Sambo Sip the barrow man,
War bound along the street
And long and loud de fish he call,
To eb'ry one he meet—
And eb'ry one dat hear de noise
Stare at he as him pass
Because he hab de loudest voice
Dat bawls out—Oh! Sea Bass!

Oh! Shad and Flouders too he cry
An many oder fish,
And swear dey be as fresh and good
As eber went on dish.
He troll'd he barrow near de curb,
And neber went too fast,
For fear he loose he customer—
He ball out—Oh! Sea Bass.

An eb'ry one dat hear he voice,
Tink he fish must be good,
He customer at least tink so,
Because de ball so loud.
And when a Catholick he spy,
Dat lub to go to Mass,
On Friday as he pass him by,
He bawls out—Oh! Sea Bass.

Success attend old Sambo's bones,
Whereber he do roam,

And may he neber want a friend,
  Abroad nor yet at home,
And when he die, if such a ting
  Should eber come to pass,
We'll neber such a noder get;
  To cry out—Oh! Sea Bass!

MY SKIFF IS BY THE SHORE.

I'm gwan, I gwan to see me lubly Dina,
Down among de swaps in old Carolina;
Happy den we'll be in lub I say,
Courting till de broke ob de day,
  Tra, la, la, a, la, a, la, la, a, a, la, a, la, a, la.

Ny skiff is by de shore dere, don't you see?
And as we paddle on, our song shall be—
My dearest Dina, I lub but de.
Come, O, Dina come de time don't waste,
Come, O Dina, come—make haste;
Hop into de boat and gwan wid me
Unto de Nordren Country.
  Tra, la, la, &c.
Now, O! now we lib in peace and pleasure,
Braking of de boots I money makes,
I in Dina found a precious treasure,
She can hurry up de cakes.
  Tra, la, la, &c.

DO NOT GO WAY, MY LADY LUB.

SUNG BY "*See me now.*"

Dar's my gal her charms revealin
Softly o'er me, lub am stealin'
How I treasure up her glances,
As how she now so gaily dances
Do not go away my lady lub,
Oh, do not go way my lady lub,
Oh, do not, go way, my lady lub,
But hark to de banjo from above,

One smile from thee, my treasure,
Put me den in a quart pot measure,
Cork me tight, but kiss me fust,
Do it lub, soon, or else I'l bust.
Do not go away &c.

Talk about Blangy Taliogna,
Dis chap beats de grand piana,
Augustus, wid his steps so light,
Puts dem all clar out ob sight.
Do not go away, &c.

Oh, I wish I was a little fly,
I'd sip the moisture from her eye,
I'd git right down upon my knees,
An' mind I tell you, how I'd squeeze.
Do not go away, &c,

BELLE OF BALTIMORE.

As sung by Campbell's Minstrels.

I've been through Carolina,
I've been to Tennisse,
I've trabelled Mississippi,
For Massa set me free.
I've kissed the lovely Creole,
On Louisiana shore,
But I never found a gal to match
De blooming Belle of Baltimore.

Chorus.—Oh, Boys, Belle's a beauty,
Eyes so bright and cheeks so sooty,
No gal I ever seen before,
So, sweet as Belle of Baltimore.

My Belle is tall and slender,
And sings so very clear,
You'd think she was an owlingale,
If once her voice you'd hear.
I walked down to her cabbin.
And I rapped agin de door;
I went to gib my dagartype,
To my sweet Belle of Baltimore.
Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty &c.

I found her by the riber,
My errant I did tell,
Ses she, you gay deceiber,
Your tricks I know too well,

I seen you kiss another gal,
The werry night before—
Wid dat she turned upon her heel,
And off went Belle of Baltimore.
Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

I wrote my lub a letter,
And scented it so sweet,
De musk, de clobes, de peppermint,
Stuck out about a feet
But all my trouble was no use,
I neber see her more—
For I squashed de tender 'fections, ob
My blooming Belle of Baltimore.
Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

EMMA SNOW.

As sung by Campbell's Minstrels.

Way down in Alabama,
Not very long ago,
I knew a yaller charmer,
And her name was Emma Snow;
Her eyes was bright as diamonds,
And her teeth was perly white,
Dey glistened in de darkness,
As the stars do in the night.
Chorus.—But that happy time is over,
I've only grief and pain;
For I shall never, never see
My Emma dear again.

We used to go out early
To hoe de sugar cane,
The time did pass so cherily,
When Emma Snow was seen;
She trabled wid us daily,
And oft would tell her name;
And we danced and sung so gaily
To the Banjo's sweetest strain.
But that happy time is over, &c

Now that happy time hath sorrow,
The day is turned to night;
I lost my dearest Emma,
By the poison adder's bite.
We miss'd her in the evening,
And we hunted far and wide,
And we found her in the meadows,
Whar she sicken'd and she died.
But that happy time is over, &c.

REVOLUTIONARY ECHOES,

OR THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

As originally sung by the Sable Brothers

Oh, come my boys, attention give, an a song I'll sing to you,
Although the story may be old, the song you'll say is new;
Its about de Revolution days, which de world did all admire,
When in de hearts ob patriots brave, glowed patriotic fire.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus.—Then, hurrah for de days ob old,
Then, hurrah for de days ob old,
When ebery man and woman too,
Was a hero, I've been told.

Dar was a man among de rest, and Washington was his name,
An all de folks said he was de best, he had such a mighty fame;
He neber feared to face de foe, but when oder men would tire,
He wid his Continentallers, would meet de red coats' fire.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus—An a running dey would go,
An a running dey would go,
For dey thought dey'd got a little dose
Ob de fire down below.

Dars a place "Down East," called Bunker Hill,
whar de monument does stand,
Its de spot whar Massa Warren fell, a fighting
for his land ;.
De Yankees were told to save dar shot, till de
enemy should get nigher,
An when dey saw de white ob dar eye, dey got
de word to fire.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus.—But dey could not beat de foe,
But dey could not beat de foe,
An many a gallant heart dat day,
Was in de dust laid low.

But dar was anudder little hill, what dey call
de Dorchester Heights,
Whar dey built a fort, and cannon sot, all in a
single night ;
When de British General saw de game, he
thought he should suspire,
So he sent an invitation for de Yankees to stop
dar fire.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus.—But 'twas no use a talking so,
It was no use a talking so,
For de Yankees had fought a patent way
To make de red coats go.

FAITHLESS FAN.

As sung by the Sable Brothers.

Oh ! brudders, tell me whar she's gone,
My Fanny dear, my Fanny dear,
And why she's left me all alone—
To weep de bitter, bitter tear.

CHORUS.

Oh ! cheer up, cheer up, and nebber mind your Fan,
For she has gone off to de Norf with anuder man,
Den hoe away, hoe away, hoe away de corn,
For tho' it may be dark at night, 'tis brighter in de morn !

Oh ! brudders, can de day be bright,
When Fanny, lubly Fan's away,
To me the day am only night,
I cannot work, I cannot play.
Oh ! cheer up, &c.

Oh, could I see my Fan once more,
And kiss dose lubly lips again,
I'd tell her how she grieved me sore,
And broke my heart wid woe and pain !
Oh ! cheer up, &c.

Ah ! do not mock me, brudders dear,
Wid all your merry laff and glee ;
But let me weep de bitter tear,
For life's no bit ob use to me.
Oh ! cheer up, &c.

SALLY WEAVER,

OR, "I'M GWAN DÓWN DE RIBBER."

As I walked out one summer's day,
I took my gun to shoot some game,
I met a gal upon de way,
And Sally Weaver was her name,
Her eyes dey glanced so bright and clear,
De lightning' bugs dey couldn't shine,
I went and whispered in her ear,
"My lubly gal, will you be mine?"

CHORUS.

Oh! I'm gwan down de ribber,
My skiff is by de shore,
Oh, den farewell, poor Sally Weaver
I'll nebber see you more!

I went down to her massa's place,
To ax him could she be my wife,
But fust he slap me in de face.
And den he say he took my life.
So Sal and me, we laid a plot,
To leave de diggins mighty soon,
We went and took an ole flat-boat,
And started by de light de moon!
Oh! I'm gwan down, &c. &c.

De boat it leaked, and Sal she cried,
For fear she to de bottom go;
She hugged up closely to my side,

And wanted to be put asho !
De boat went down, and Sally too—
De gal she swum jest like a stone—
I reached de bank in grief and woe,
For Sally she was dead and gone !
Oh ! I'm gwan down, &c.

IN DE DARKEY'S LIFE YOU READ.

In de darkey's life you may read,
De life dat niggers like to lead—
Through the wild field we rove,
Be it moonshine or clear,
For de coon hunt we love,
An' de beasts we don't fear ;
Sometimes in de holler, or in do wood,
All around we creep an' stare
An' if he's not home, wait till he cum ;
We'll find him out somewhar.

'Tis the white hunter's plan,
To track out all game,
Dan ketch all he can,
An' we do the same ;
We'll foller up and foller down,
An' each nig creep an' stare,
An' if he's not home, wait till he cum,
We'll find him out somewhar.

I'M A KING, A KING.

A parody on "The Grave Digger." Written by P. F. Stout Esq., and sung by Mr. Geo Kunkel.

I shobels dem out—I shobels dem in,
When de moon beams bright, mid de clouds so dim,
Delivers dem nice in dar homes you see,
Fondly lub's to come to a king like me,
I shobels dem out ob dar lonely bed,
An laugh as I play wid de silent dead,
When de tempest howls I shobel dem in,
An I lubs to list, for I'm a happy king.

De world is my plaything, I hab no home
Mong dese piles ob my own I lub to roam,
How sweet am de tones ob de ole spades clink,
As I mark all around de grabes soft brink;
De moder I tops from sofa bed dar,
To put in her stead her daughter fair,
An mid de ole curfews sad, cheerless ring,
I feel I'm a king—a happy king.

When de farder stands by his daughters grave,
When de moder looks down dat yawnin cave,
When de broder an sister weep around
Dis heart will leap at de welcome sound;
In de spring in de summer, in de winters cold,
I shobels dem in, both young and old,
From my furrow'd brow my sweat I fling,
I'm a king, a king, a happy king.

JULIUS' BRIDE.

As written and sung by E. P. Christy.

When I liv'd 'way down in ole Virginny,
I bought a colored gal for a guinea;
By de rollin' ob her eye, if you chance to pass her by,
It would cause your heart to palpitate—gib up de ghost—an' die!

CHORUS.

Den I warn all you darkies not to lub her;
If you do, she will cause you to blu-bber!
So git out ob de way, an' remember what I say—
Ise gwan to marry her myself some very fine day!

But now she's gwan for to leave me!
If she does, she will cruelly deceibe me!
But to win her I will try, by de winkin' ob de eye;
If she don't consent to marry, I will go away an' cry!
But I know dat she will not deceibe me,
An' she is not a goin' for to leabe me;
So to hab a little fun, for de banjo I will run,
An' I'll play dat merry tune—"Jenny, get your hoe cake done!"
Den I warn all you darkies, &c.

One night when de moon whar beamin',
I lay fast asleep a dreamin'
Dat de sun was shinin' bright in de middle ob de night,
An' de darkies had collected for to hab a little fight.
When I 'woke, O, de banjo was soundin!
De bones thro' de air was a boundin'!
But how pleasant it did seem! I was married—in a dream—
In de floatin' scow Virginia, on de Mississippi stream!
Den I warn all you darkies, &c.

GINGER'S TALE OF LUB.

Written and sung by Mr. E. Deaves, of the far famed band of Virginia Serenaders.

De gimson weeds all blooming fair
Dar fragrance round did fling,
As Ginger lay at close ob day,
And picked his banjo string.
Clearly through dat field ob corn,
De supper horn did sound,
And de possom sweet he longed to meet,
Was sittin on de ground
For his work was done and his fun begun,
And his banjo loud was sounding,
And music fair floats in de air,
And loud de tambo pounding.

At de berry first snap of his banjo string,
Through de cotton field came bounding
His Rosa neat wid eyes so sweet,
For she heard his banjo sounding.
By his side she sat on de cypress log,
And listened to his tale ob love,
For her Ginger dear she loved to hear,
For she was gentle as de dove.
For his work was done and his play begun,
And his banjo loud was sounding,
And music fair floats in de air,
And loud the tambo pounding.

Ah! Rose, he cried as his banjo rung,
My heart wid love for you is busting,
If you will say yes, you will me bless,
We'll happy live, each other trusting,
Den Rose she raised her coal black eye,
And said, dear Ginger you may take me,
For as sure as dar's angels in de sky,
I'm sure dat you will not forsake me.
For his work was done and his fun begun,
And his banjo loud was sounding,
And music fair floats in de air.
And loud de tambo pounding.

SKIDDY, IDDY, DI DO.

Sung by Lize and Jenny in the Glance at Philada.

Here we are as you diskiver,
All de way from Ole Tar river,
Here we come as you must know,
All ready for to play on de old banjo.
Den, oh lord gals, gib us a chaw tobacco,
Oh lord gals fotch along de whiskey,
Skiddy iddy iddy iddy di di di do,
My head swims when I get a little tipsy,

Father Miller goes out preachin,
About de world a comin to pieces,
Den if you want to do what's right,
Just go and join de Millerite.
Den, oh lord gals, &c.

Forty horses in de stable,
Pretty gals in de wild goose nation,
My wife's dead an I'm a sinner,
Go down to Johnny's an get my dinner.
Den, oh lord gals, &c.

Uncle Pete and Aunty Jess,
Dey went to buy a cider press,
De hoops flew off an de hogshead bust,
And dey boff went up in a thunder gust.
Den, oh lord gals, &c.

De higher up de monkey goes,
De furder he gets he shows his toes,
He peel de apple an eat de skin,
He break my head and crack my shin.
Den, oh lord gals, &c.

I went to a ball an danced all nigh,,
Early in de morning dey put out the light,
One gal said dat her shoes was tore,
Dancing on de sandy floor.
Den, oh lord gals, &c.

DE POOR NIGGA BOY.

A Parody on the "Bowld Sojer Boy" written and sung by Mr. E. Deaves, of the celebrated Band of Virginia Serenaders.

Oh dar's not a beast dat's cunning,
Worth punning,
Or running,
Like a coon dat hates de gunning
Ob de poor nigga boy.
Wedder up or down he go
Sure he know he's his foe,
He hates de heel or toe
Ob de poor niggar boy.
Dare's not a woods he goes through,
Or ever pokes his nose through,
De coon he sees I spose through
De branches as he swing.

While up de tree,
De coon you see,
He look so shy
Out ob his eye,
Oh, is'nt he afraid ob de poor nigga boy.
And when he git him out,
How he pout
Wid him snout,
He weigh 10 pound about
Says de poor nigga boy.
Oh he cotch him by de tail,
On a rail,
For a scale,
Oh don't you give leg bail,
Says de poor nigga boy'
For I'll take you on my shoulder,
Before you get much older,
And Dina will tink me bolder
Dan any ob de boys.
Jist like a cat,
You'd like a spat,
I'm up to that,
I'm glad you're fat,
You'll soon be in de pot,
Says de poor nigga boy.

DE MERRY SLEIGH BELLS.

Solo, first voice.

Jingle, jingle, clar de way,
'Tis the merry, merry, sleigh,
Joyfully we slide along,
Only listen to our song,
See de ole hoss shake de bells,
See how he snorts, see how he swells,
See de smoke, see how it goes,
Jist like a bulljine from his nose.

Chorus.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clar de way,
'Tis de merry, merry, merry, merry merry. sleigh. (*Repeat.*)

Solo, Second voice.

Shall we go a sleighing, a sleighing, a sleighing,
De light hoss shall pull us o'er de salt plain,
On good whiskey punch, cakes and sausage regaleing,
Oh den we will slide fro de snow slick and well.
De trees ob de forrest, sleigh runners shall lend us.
An old oaken bark, or an old bark shell,
Wid coon skins to warm us and bells to attend us.
Oh den we will slide fro de show slick and well.

Shall we &c

Solo, first voice

Jingle, jingle, how she whirls,
Ram-jam full ob laughing girls,
De ole whip cracks, de boys all funny,
"Hurry up dat peach and honey."
To de barn floor den we go,
Dare brake down all in a row,
Till daylight we'll dance and sing
Oh den you hear de sleigh bells ring,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle. &c.

UNDER DE SHADE OB DE OLD GUM TREE.

Underr de shade ob de old gum tree,
We happy, happy, niggas rove,
We envy not those darkies free,
Our toil and labour's o'er.
Sitting beneath the moon's soft light,
Or in de thick and luscious shade,
Telling some tale wid fond delight,
Ob a hansome Guinea maid.
Under de shade ob de old gum tree.

Now when de toil ob day am done,
We tink ob hearts dat am akein,
But our griefs will always change to fun
When we see de hoe cake bakin,
De possom on de fire roast,
And fan de gumbo fixin,
Ah! she's de darlin ob my heart,
De pride ob massa's kitchen,
Under de shade ob de old gum tree.

COME BACK, STEBEN.

Good news, Steben—good news!
Good news, Steben—good news!
What is em! *
Why, massa bought a new wagon—
Pompey was de driver—
An' he run agin a gate-post,
An' smash 'em all to nofen!

CHORUS,

O Lord, ladies! don't you mind Steben!
Steben am so deceibin', dat his daddy won't be-
lieb him!

Come back, Steben—come back!
Come back, Steben—come back!
I'm a com———
Oh, come back, Steben! for you am de berry
man what stole massa's blue coat!
Now fotch back de money!
O Lord, ladies, &c.

Get out ob dat, you bones!—get out ob dat!
Get out ob dat, you bones!—get out ob dat!
Oh, get out ob dat, you bones!—you am de berry
man what stole massa's sheep-head,
For to make dem dar bones out ob!
O Lord, ladies, &c.

* To be sung in imitation of the mew of a cow, by closing the mouth on the middle note, and forcing the other against the roof of the mouth.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

Words by Charles White, and sung by his Band of Minstrels, at the Melodeon.

Oh, darkies now I'm gwine to sing,
De truth to you I'll tell,
Ob happy days dat I hab seen,
Wid my dear Nancy Bell.
O, I wish dat I was back again,
Way down in Tennisee,
Wid my dear Nancy by my side,
Beneath de old pine tree.

Chorus. 'Tis many a night since first we met,
Beneath dat ole pine tree,
An dar we told our tales ob lub,
How happy we would be.

My lub has left me long ago,
Whar she is, no one can tell.
An I am nearly crazy now,
For my dear Nancy Bell;
But I dreamt last night when all was still
Dat she'd come back to me,
An I would yet see happy days,
Beneath de old pine tree.
'Tis many a night, &c.

I quite forgot I war so old,
It seems to me a dream,
Dat three score years hab past an gone,
Since I was seventeen.

But everything is right at last,
An Nancy's true to me,
An when we die, oh let us rest,
Beneath de old pine tree.
'Tis many a night, &c.

DE 'SKEETERS DO BITE.

Oh, Pompey, dear! Pompey, open your eyes!
Oh, Fanny, dear ! Fanny, open your eyes !
Oh, see der sight ! I feels it bite ! Oh !
O dear, dis is a drefful night,
For 'skeeters and flies

Beautiful niggers, away ! away !
Crows go to sleep when night comes on.
Der 'skeeters do bite, de longer we stay !
We'll take ourselves off 'till de critters are gone!
Der 'skeiters do bite, de longer we stay !
Fal la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Fal la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

WE'LL ALL MAKE A LAUGH.

Words by Charles White. and sung by his company of Ethiopian Minstrels, at the Melodian Concert-Room. New York.

Now, darkies, sing and play, and make a little fun:
We'll dance upon de green, and beat de Congo drum;
We're a happy set ob darkies, and we're 'sembled here to play,
So strike de bones and tamborine, and drive dull care away

Some massas love dar darkies well, and gib 'em what dey want—
Except it is dar freedom—and *dat* I know dey won't;
Howeber, *we* am happy, and contented whar we am,
As a serenading party, and a scientific band.

Dar's Sam, and Joe, and Uncle Ben, likewise my sister Sally,
Wheneber fun is in the wind, de niggers dey can rally;
And if dancing is de order, or any other sport,
Dese niggers am No 1— and it aint no use to talk.

Old massa feeds us berry well, and make us
work all day;
But after sun is set at night, he lets us hab our
way.
He often comes to see our sports—a fine segar
he quaffs—
,Case de merriment ob niggers often makes him
laugh.

Now its growin' late—de moon is down—and
we'll be gettin home;
So put up de music, boys, and onward let us
roam.
We'll say "Farewell" to ebery friend, and
strive wid all our might,
To 'semble here on dis same spot again to-
morrow night.

CHORUS:

Massa laugh, wid a Ha, ha, ha!
Missus laugh, wid a He, he, he!
Ned open his mouth, wid a Yah, yah, yah!
Den we'll all make a laugh wid a Ha, ha ha!

"I'M SETTING ON DE RAIL, DINAH."

As sung by White's band of Minstrels.

I'm setting on de rail, Dinah,
Whar we sat side by side,
'Way down in ole Virginny, lub
When fust you war my bride,
De corn was springing berry fast,
And de coon he pranced around;
Oh den what happy days we pass'd
On ole Virginny's ground!

CHORUS:

I'm setting on de rail, Dinah,
Whar we sat side by side,
'Way down in ole Virginny lub,
When fust you whar my bride.

How oft Ibe sat beneaf de trees,
Wid Dinah by my side,
To watch de little 'coon at play—
It whar my only pride!
De banjo, too, for her I'd play,
While she would dance around;
An' dem eyes dey shine as bright as day,
On ole Virginny's ground.
I'm setting on de rail, Dinah, &c.

But. alas ! my Dinah now is dead,
(De pride ob ole Virginny !)
No oder gal like her I'll find—
I know dar is not any.
I'll set beneaf de shady trees,
And make de banjo sound ;
And dar I'll watch my Dinah's grave,
On ole Virginny's ground,
I'm setting on de rail, Dinah, &c.

THE DINNER HORN.

Composed and sung by Charles White, the famous Ethiopian Delineator.

At early dawn de niggers wakes,
Puts on his ole attire,
An thro' de fields his way he takes,
To labor for no hire.

Chorus, and repeat. All natur smiles to see him grin
While hoeing ob de corn;
Its only when he hears de sound,
Ob dat ole dinner horn,
De dinner horn, de dinner horn, dinner horn.

At noon, when no dark clouds obscure
De sun dat shines so hot,
De nigger den leans on his hoe,
An cuss his tiresome lot.

He tink ob frens he luff behind,
When from dem he was torn;
But pshaw—he soon forgets dem,
When he hears de dinner horn.
De dinner horn, &c.

When ebening shades are coming on,
De sun sinks down de west;
De nigger's toil will soon be done,
An den he'll hab some rest,

'Tis den he hears dem witchin' notes
Dat on de breeze is borne,
From de ole oberseer's throat
Fro' dat ole dinner horn.
De dinner horn, &c.

LAUGHING JOE.

As sung by White's, Christy's, and New-Orleans Serenaders.

Oh, come to my darkey home,
Oh, come along wid me!
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!
Oh, come along wid me,
For I'm a going to marry;
I will no longer tarry!
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!
Oh, I' m a going to marry!

Oh, come to my darky home,
Oh, come along wid me!
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!
Oh, come along wid me,
Ya, ya!
Oh, come along wid me!

My Sally she is handsome—
She's berry dear to me!
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!
She's berry dear to me!
Her bref is sweet as honey,
Her smile is bright and sunny,
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Her bref is sweet as honey,
Oh, come to my darkey home, &c.

And when we're join'd togedder,
We'll make de cabin ring!
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
We'll make de cabin ring!
Den sleep and labor scorning,
We won't go home 'till morning
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
We won't go home 'till morning!
Den come to my darkey home, &c.

" DE OLD GREY COON."

Composed and sung by Mr. Edwin Deaves of the Original Virginia Serenaders.

AIR.—*The deep Blue Sea*

Solo.—See, darkies see, 'tis de old Grey Coon,
Chorus.—Dar he comes creeping, from de corn-field leaping,
Solo.—De dogs from de house will follow soon,
Chorus.—Now boys readily de coon flies steadily.

Solo. Now niggas away while de coon we see
We'll hunt him to dat old gum tree,
How happy are we, darkies so free,
Chasing de coon to de old gum tree.

Chorus.—How happy are we darkies so &c.

Solo.—Climb Sambo, climb dat old gum tree!
Chorus.—Dont stand sleeping, de coon am creeping,
Solo.—Off wid your jacket and dar you'l see,
Chorus.—Now boys lightly, de dogs keep quietly,

Solo. Dar goes Sam he am to de nest,
De critter he am got dat de niggars love best,
How happy are we, darkies so free,
Chasing de coon to de old gum tree.

Chorus.—How happy are we niggars so &c.

Solo.—Now let's away for de day has dawned.
Chorus.—Softly boys creeping de overseer's sleeping!
Solo.—De coon am de beast, dat de niggars am fond,
Chorus.—We hunt him nightly, while de moon shines brightly
Solo. Now darkies away for de coon now stoop,
Bekase he makes such first rate soup.
How happy are we darkies so free,
Chasing de coon to de old gum tree.
Chorus.—How happy are we niggars so &c,

HAVE A LITTLE DANCE

As sung by H. Neil in White's Band of Serenaders.

I'll sing you now dis good old song
And then I'll sing another,
Old massa's gwine dis arternoon,
To call upon his brodder;
Den wait a little while, my boys,
Till he gits out ob sight,
We'll drop de shovel and de hoe,
Spoken: What for?
To have a little dance to-night.

Chorus: We'll have a little dance to-night boys,
To-night, boys, to-night, boys,
We'll have a little dance to-night boys,
An dance by de light ob de moon.

I like de cambric handkerchief,
I like de beaver hat;
Oh, hand me down my high heel boots,
Likewise my silk cravat.
De niggers dey am grinning,
An dar teeth looks very white,
We'll go across de mountain, boys,

Spoken: What for?
To have a little dance to-night.
Chorus: We'll have a little dance to-night, &c.

I rises at de broke ob day,
To take my morning walk,
I meet my lubly Julian,
And dis de way we talk;
I says, "you are my own true love,
You are my heart's delight,
Will you go over de riber dis evening,

Spoken: What for?
To have a little dance to-night.
Chorus: We'll have a little dance to-night, &c

I MUST GO TO RICHMOND.

Written and sung by Charles White.

De oder day old Jarsey Joe,
Went out wid Sue de corn to hoe;
But he hoed it down wid de toe an heel,
Till de ground was hard, it not would peel.

Chorus: I must go to Richmond,
I must go to Richmond,
I must go to Richmond, if I can get a chance,
I must go to Richmond, to see de niggers dance

I drove to de mill to get some meal,
But de mud suck in my ole cart wheel!
Den my oxen down in a horse track slip,
But I pull him out wid a hickory whip.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

Den come a painter from de woods,
He began to tear off my dry goods;
Says I, massa wild puss, you my rail,
So I scratch out his eyes wid my toe nail.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

I rode to de riber, my horse to swim,
I got brushed off wid a poplar limb;
I hung to de limb, an hit him such a crack,
Now he looks like a camel wid a hump on his back.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

I went a fishing de oder day,
Into a steamboat down de bay;
I jerk my line much harder dan I oughter,
An I pull de steamboat out ob de water.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

ROSA'S WEDDING DAY.

As sung by Charles White.

Oh, name de spot and tell me whar,
That I can find my Rosa dear ,
She promised me only last night,
To meet me here when de moon shone bright.

Chorus. Sing, sing away, its our delight
To work by day, and sing by night;
Sing de darkies' favorite lay,
For to-morrow's Rosa's wedding-day.

When I was young and in my prime,
There was no darks could get my time
To hoe de corn an eat hoe cake,
While Rosa she would pass de plate.
Sing, sing away, &c.

She had a small wrist with a very good figure,
Which charmed de heart ob dis ere nigger ;
But alas ! alas ! my rival came,
Ole Bull Sam Johnson was his name.
Sing, sing away, &c.

He took my Rosa by de hand,
An led her down to Virginia's land ;
An when dey got to de ole log house,
He took my Rosa to be his spouse.
Sing, sing away, &c.

JENNY LANE.

Composed by DICK WILSON.

Oh! white folks listen to me, I'll sing to you a song,
Ob a gal dat in her beauty far surpass'd Miss Lucy Long,
Her hair was shining black sars, and sparkling was her eye,
When I first saw dat lubly face I thought I'd die.

(*Chorus*)—Oh charming Jenny Lane,
Oh charming Jenny Lane,
Who's buried neath de Willow Tree,
We'll ne'er see her again.

One ebening when de moonbeams was shining up above,
I turn my face to Jenny, and I talk to her ob love,
I ax her would she marry me, she blushingly said yes,
For dat, upon her own sweet lips, I plant a lubly kiss.

(*Chorus*)—Oh charming Jenny Lane,
Oh charming Jenny Lane,
Who's buried neath de Willow Tree,
We'll ne'er see her again.

For seben years we happy live, we nebber feel
a pain,
So happy did we pass our lives, myself and
Jenny Lane;
But pleasure we can neber hab, widout tis mix'd
wid pain,
'T war my fate dat I should lose my pretty
Jenny Lane.

(*Chorus*)—Oh charming Jenny Lane,
Oh charming Jenny Lane,
Who's buried neath de Willow Tree,
We'll ne'er see her again

De lay her in de cold ground, how sad it make
me feel,
De lay her in de grave-yard, longside ob Lucy
Neal;
Oh pity me, good ladies all, and grant dis prayer
to me,
Dat when I'm dead and gone to rest, you'll lay
me neath dat tree,

(*Chorus*)—Whar dey laid Jenny Lane,
After dat she died;
Neath de Weeping Willow Tree
Oh lay me by her side.

NANCY BLAIR.

Composed and Sung by DICK WILSON.

O darkies come and list to me, a story I will tell,
About a charming cullad gal I lub so long and well;
She war so tall and slender, and so coal black war her hair,
De prettyest gal in Ole Kentuck, was charming Nancy Blair.

(*Chorus*)—Oh charming Nancy Blair,
Oh charming Nancy Blair,
De gal I lub so long and well,
Yet lub but to despair.

We used to work togedder, close by de ribber side,
I always feel so happy, case Nancy war my bride;
But massa sell Miss Nancy, because he tink she steal,
And oh how berry berry bad it make dis darkie feel.

(*Chorus*)—Oh charming Nancy Blair,
Oh charming Nancy Blair,
De gal I lub so long and well,
Yet lub but to despair

Miss Nancy by de ribber stood, when massa did her sell
It make her feel so berry bad, dat she in de ribber fell ;
De Board ob Health come dar dat night, to see what caused her death,
And de verdict ob de jury was, she died for want ob breff.

(*Chorus*)—Oh charming Nancy Blair,
Oh charming Nancy Blair,
De gal I lub so long and well,
Yet lub but to despair.

MARY'S GRAVE.

Composed by R. Wilson.

On a lone barren shore war de wild roaring billow,
Beat hard on de beach, and de loud winds do rave,
My Mary lies still wid de earth for a pillow,
And fond weeping Pompey leans ober her grave;
De lightnings may flash and de loud thunders roll,
Poor Mary she nears dem not, she am free from all pain
She am dead, and she's buried, and her beautiful soul
Am up in de clouds, and dey dar will remain.

Though she's dead and she's buried, de grave cannot hold her,
If you list to me darkies, I'll tell you why:
Last night in my cabin, when it rain'd and it thunder,
So dark war de heavens, so black war de sky,
De floor it did open and Mary rose up dar,
She look in my face and she dese words did say,
Weep, Pompey, weep, for by your jealous deeds see,
My death you have caused, but now you are free.

GOGGLE TOM.

TUNE—"Dandy Jim."

Some niggas cannot come de touch,
When dey would win de female heart,
But Goggle Tom was neber such,
Dis nigga act de lubber's part;
For his eye 'tick out a feet or so,
When he dance wid de colored lasses O,
He strike wid de heel, he strike wid de toe,
And sweat like a lump ob roasted snow.

When he draw de boot upon de shin,
It set as tight as de white oak rind;
When he put on boot he grease de skin,
And turn up de heel a foot behind.
For his eye, &c.

When Goggle Tom am passing by,
Den Dinah get behind de door,
He see through de crack de shine ob her eye,
Bekase her heart am getting sore.
For his eye, &c.

But Goggle Tom hab got a gal,
Dat lib in Souf Carolina 'tate,
Her eye am white as the Meeting-house wall,
And her skin as black as de church-yard gate.
For his eye, &c.

She grease her face with the possum fat,
And make her nose like a bottle shine;
Go 'way, nigga gals, what are you at?
My gal libs dowh in Caroline.
For his eye, &c.

BLACK SAM.

TUNE—"Jim Brown."

I lib down in de holler whar de black snake go,
And I hab a wife dat's blacker dan de crow,
And we roast de hoe cake when de sun's goin down,
'Case I am de fattest nigga in de town.
I go ketch de possum, an my wife fry de fat,
And I chase de rackoon all round my hat.
'Case I am de fattest nigga dat eber you did see,
And all the gals of colour turn dar eye up at me.

When I go to de city, whar de niggar's jump,
Den I take de banjo an I gib a thump,
And de niggas gin to hop, wid a haw! haw! haw!
'Case I am de gemman wot lays down de law;
And de gals of colour comes to the ball,
Phillis, Dinan, Susannah, and all.
'Case I am de fattest nigga, &c.

I go to church a Sunday, an my wife look 'round
As de oder ladies squatted on de gound,
And she turn'd her lip up, case dey neber dress
Haff so well as Dinah in her Sunday best;
She hab a Yellor apron hanging down before,
And her bustle stick out half a yard or more.
'Case I am de fattest nigga, &c.

Once I say to massa, whar de cane brake grow,
I pay you for my freedom if you let me go,
And he tell dis nigga dat it neber can be,
'Case dat no sum ob money worth so much as me
Den I jump up an holler, even dis ting I hear,
And I stretch my red mouf across from ear to ear.
Case I am de fattest nigga, &c.

WHOOP, JAM-BO-REE,—Jig.

As sung by the original Dan Emmett, (in imitation of the western boatmen,) at White's Melodeon.

I went down to New Orleans, I tink myself a man,
De first place I fotched up was on board de Talleyrann.
Chorus—Whoop, jam-bo-ree!
Whoop, jam-bo-ree!
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Git up! ole hoss!

When I gits on board de boat, de captain look aroun'—
"O put de nigger's heels on shore, dey've got de boat aground.
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c.

Den I look about de boat, to see what I could see—
When de nigger gin to laff, he stopped de *she-na-ree!*
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c.

Den dey punch de fires up, to make de bilers burn—
De ingineer he went behind to gib her anudder turn.
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c.

De captain on de biler deck, a scratchin' ob his head—
An' jawing ob de deck hand, a heabin' ob de lead.
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c

Den dey hoist de dish-cloth, and spread it to de breeze,
It floated like de udder haff ob tudder haff a cheese.
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c.

De nigger an de bullgine, dey running in cahoot—
De nigger pass de bullgine gwine through de (*chuite*) shoot.
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c.

I gits upon de cook-house, I call for glass ob gin,
De nigger nearer heaben, den I eber was agin.
Whoop, jam-bo-ree, &c.

COME, OH! COME WITH ME!

Come, oh! come with me,
The moon is beaming,
Come, oh! come with me,
The stars are gleaming;
All around, above,
With beauty teeming,
Moonlight hours
Are meet for love.
Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar!
Fal le lar le lar, &c.

Come, oh! come with me,
The moon is beaming,
Come, oh! come with me,
The stars are gleaming.

My skiff is by the shore,
She is light and free,
To ply the feathered oar
Is joy to me;
And as we glide along,
My song shall be,
My dearest maid,
I love but thee.
Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar!
Fal le lar le lar, &c.

Come, oh! come with me, &c.

LOVE NOT.

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers,
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth,
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! oh, warning vainly said,
In present hours, as in years gone by,
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not! love not!

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